

of which *Poliophtila* Scl., 1855, thus becomes a synonym. A pretty kettle of fish this, for a *reductio ad absurdum*!

Sylvania must be dropped, and our choice of a name for the genus lies between *Wilsonia* Bp., 1838, and *Myiodiocytes* Aud., 1839. Use of *Wilsonia* in botany does not debar it in zoölogy, and if it is not otherwise preoccupied it must stand. Soon after its rejection by Baird in 1858 on the ground of botanical preoccupation, it was used by Dr. Allen, in Proc. Essex Inst., IV, 1864, p. 64, and in various other places in succeeding years. I brought it pointedly to the front in Bull. Nutt. Club, V, 1880, p. 95; and the same thing was done over again, without any reference to these earlier usages, by Dr. Stejneger, Auk, July, 1884, p. 230.—ELLIOTT COVES, Washington, D. C.

The Carolina Wren (*Thryothorus ludovicianus*) at Inwood-on-Hudson, New York City.—Visiting my summer home at Inwood-on-Hudson, March 28, 1896, I heard a loud and beautiful song coming from the top of a dead elm tree. The bird sang almost continually until my efforts to get a good view of him frightened him away. After sitting fifteen minutes on a rock near where the bird had appeared to alight, and waiting for the song, he broke out again, and I discovered him perching on a low tree not twenty-five feet distant.

It was a new species to me, but it seemed to me it must be the Carolina Wren, and on studying up the bird carefully, in all my books at home, I felt quite sure the identification was correct. I heard him again on April 1 and 22. May 14 we went to Inwood for the summer, but only heard the Wren sing four times, until May 22. Then I had a fine view of one near some dilapidated buildings around an unoccupied house. Four days later loud and continued singing attracted me to a heap of dry brush near these buildings, and there I found the parents and five little Carolina Wrens. The young were able to fly nicely, and they gave a musical call, much like that of the old birds, and scolded beautifully.

After that, they were seen frequently, and I heard the beautiful song at all hours of the day, up to Nov. 12, when we moved to town. Going to Inwood on Jan. 18, 1897, I heard the full song again, so it would appear that they wintered there.

The old birds were quite tame, lighting and singing in shrubbery close to the house, and twice one was seen on the piazza, examining plants in pots, and even drinking from the saucer of a flower-pot.—F. H. FOOTE, *New York City*.

The Mockingbird at Portland, Maine, in Winter.—On January 19, 1897, at noon, a Mockingbird (*Mimus polyglottos*) appeared in a gutter which runs beneath the south window of my study. The thermometer was below zero, and there was no snow, but an unclouded sun had softened the ice in the gutter so that the bird could moisten his tongue; and this he seemed to be doing when I first saw him. He was perhaps